THE LIBRARY, ST. CLOUD STATE COLLEGE ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA

The Commonweal

December 22, 1950

THROUGH THE ASIAN LOOKING GLASS

ROBERT C. NORTH

CHRISTMAS-HANUKKA

Double or Nothing

THOMAS A. CLEMENTE

MURDER ON THE AIR

Thud and Blunder

CAROL H. WEISS

Volume LIII **15c** *Number 11*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST PUBLISHED

First Section

Approximately 200 pages, Illustrated,

of

SUPPLEMENT II

Loose-Leaf

of

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA

An international work of reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of The Catholic Church

Edited by

VINCENT C. HOPKINS, S.J., Ph.D.

Containing Continuing Articles on

COUNTRIES:

Canada, Ceylon, Cuba, England, France, India, Ireland, Lithuania, Mexico, Mexicans in the United States.

PAPAL ENCYCLICALS:

Casti Connubii, Divini Redemptoris, Firmissimam Constantiam, Non Abbiamo Bisogno, Quadragesimo Anno.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL TOPICS:

Bolshevism, Communism, Nazism, The Soviet, Capitalism, Labor Legislation, Race: Negro.

BIOGRAPHY:

Murphy, Frank; Neumann, Therese.

Same Size Type Page as in the Encyclopedia

PRICES

FOR THE SHEETS $3.00

FOR A LOOSE LEAF BINDER, IN BLACK FABRIKOID, WITH GOLD STAMPING (Capacity 1500 pages) $5.50

TOTAL $8.50

Published by THE GILMARY SOCIETY

A Membership Corporation

1222

Department CE
THE COMMONWEAL
386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me.....copies of the First Section, Supplement II, of The Catholic Encyclopedia, looseleaf, with binder, for which I enclose $8.50 per set, postpaid. (N. Y. City residents add 17c Sales Tax.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone..... State.....

"The most pressing duty of Christians is to live the liturgical life, and increase and cherish its supernatural spirit."

—Pope Pius XII

ORATE FRATRES

Now beginning its 25th year of recognized leadership

The pioneer liturgical review in English, founded by Dom Virgil Michel, O.S.B. Solid theological foundations. Outspoken. Not always easy, but never dull. Always stimulating.

Published monthly

U. S. and possessions: 1 year: $2.50; 2 years: $4.25

Canada and foreign: 1 year: $3.00; 2 years: $5.25

ORATE FRATRES

Collegeville, Minnesota

JOURNAL OF ARTS AND LETTERS

Edited by the Brothers of the Christian Schools

"A new journal outstanding in its field and in its high critical standards."—JOHN PICK

"A great work."—SISTER MADELEVA

"This impresses me very deeply not only because of its intrinsic merit, but because I am delighted to see that the tradition of Brother Azarias is being revived."—GEORGE N. SHUSTER

"I am *deeply impressed* by the excellence of the *JOURNAL*."—REV. JOHN M. OESTERREICHER

Future issues will contain

A Vital Christian Architecture . . . . Barry Byrne
Keith, Mystic Painter (illustrated) Bro. Cornelius, F.S.C.
Claudel's Poetic Art . . . Thomas J. M. Burke, S.J.
Dostoievsky and the Christian Novel Harold H. Watts
The Catholicism of T. S. Eliot . Brother Adrian, F.S.C.
At the Sources of Sacred Art . . . . Pierre Marois
Speech for Freedom . . . . . Walter Farrell, O.P.
The Art of Sister Thomasita . (a survey and interview)
The Mystery of Celebration . . . Jean Hild, O.S.B.

Other significant studies will also be published along with reviews of important books, and commentaries on periodical literature from America and Europe. To make sure of your copy, subscribe now.

Three dollars a year **Single copy, one dollar**

(Please Note New Address)

555 South Hamline Avenue, St. Paul 5, Minn.

Published weekly, printed and copyrighted, 1950, in the U. S. A., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U. S. and Canada, $7 a year; Foreign $8. Single copies, 15c.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Bread upon the Waters

HOW many months are vouchsafed to us before a final showdown with Soviet Russia? Perhaps four or five, perhaps considerably longer. Either way, there is little time. We must look to the state of our own and allied armed forces and establish domestic controls and effective civil defense systems—make definitive preparations for a war in which, if it is to be, will have few non-combatants.

If we are *not* to have peace in our days, the reason is twofold. In addition to the driving force of Russian Communism, there is a world-wide sentiment of revolt against the chronic illness and poverty which predominantly are man's lot. The ruthlessness, duplicity and ambition of the USSR are obvious enough. But, because of their own sorry state, the peoples of Europe, Latin America and the East seem curiously indifferent to American efforts to defend the cause of human freedom. Consider the sum total of all non-American (and non-Korean) contributions to the UN defense force. Or think of the number of Communist votes in Italy and France.

There is, then, but half-hearted support for the American effort to resist the march of Russian Communism. Much of this indifference can be traced directly to the marked disparity between our own and virtually all other national living standards. According to the United Nations Statistical Office, per capita income in 1949 ranged from $1,453 per year in the United States down to $235 in Italy, $57 in India, $40 in Ecuador, $38 in Liberia, $27 in China and $25 in Indonesia, to cite a few examples.

Is it not, therefore, comparatively easy to stigmatize American materialism, to interpret defense of the West as an effort of Uncle Sam to get others to protect his swollen money-bags for him? It is true that the Marshall Plan has greatly ameliorated the national economies of Western Europe. In addition, the Point IV program has projected technical assistance to the world's underdeveloped areas. But appropriations for both have been severely limited by Congress. Even today there are but 350 American technicians at work under Point IV programs in 36 scattered foreign countries.

A few public figures such as Walter Reuther of the United Auto Workers and Senator Brien McMahon have come out boldly for Point IV action on a large enough scale to be effective, but nothing tangible has yet resulted. However, what is ten billions a year for a purpose as constructive as this compared with the cost of another major war or even adequate national rearmament? In whatever time is allotted to us before the impending showdown, military preparedness and full-fledged world rehabilitation should go hand-in-hand. If a full-scale Point IV effort should be interrupted at its inception by the outbreak of hostilities, it should become one of our principal war aims.

It is natural to think of programs of this scope primarily in governmental terms. An adequate Point IV program, however, would involve a drain on every tax-paying American family. We cannot raise the abysmal living standards of others without expense to our own; the gap would have to be narrowed from both sides. That is as it should be. For what right has the average American to plenty and comfort and ease while the majority of his fellow-men are deprived of life's very necessities?

MUCH as we should press for it, we do not even have to wait for the enactment of a full-fledged Point IV program. There are missioners and other agents of mercy already at work in those areas where destitution and disease are most rampant. They are in a position to use personal contributions from Americans to alleviate immediate distress.

If we are not to be spared the holocaust, let us, in the days that remain before the bombs start falling, start laying the postwar founda-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

• THIS WEEK •

Week by Week 267

Through the Asian Looking Glass
by Robert C. North 271

Christmas-Hanukka: Double or Nothing
by Thomas A. Clemente 273

The CIO on Public Ownership
by John C. Cort 275

Communications 276

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 278

The Stage
by Walter Kerr 279

Thud and Blunder
by Carol H. Weiss 280

Of Note 282

Books 283

Editor: Edward S. Skillin
Contributing Editor: Philip Burnham
Managing Editor: Edward F. Meagher
Feature Editor: John Cogley
Assistant Editor: William Pfaff

Associate Editors
John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Francis Downing
Cinema: Philip T. Hartung
Theatre: Walter Kerr

Advertising Manager: John Brubaker

• NEXT WEEK •

GIUSEPPE MAROTTA, author of *The Treasure of Naples* and *San Gennaro Never Says No*, contributes a boyhood memoir.

"When my mother saw me serve at Mass she wept as if I had been ordained to the priesthood. She was proud and pleased, and above all hopeful that God would look with favor on my ministrations and be my friend. My father was dead, and in Naples every child must have some protector. If he can't find one on earth, then he must look for one in heaven. And that is why young boys crowd every sacristy."

tions. Personal sacrifices and donations of dimensions hitherto unknown will do more than anything else to convince the dispossessed, who constitute the majority of our fellow-men, that our battle is their own. If, somehow, we are to have a respite, then let us also push forward a program of world-wide economic and technical assistance that will enable all peoples to secure a due share of the goods of this earth.

The Wrong Reasons

STRINGFELLOW BARR (whom we have quoted in Of Note in this issue) puts it well when he calls upon Americans to "join the human race." Others have called attention to the misery in which the majority of men now on the earth live out their days, but none more graphically than Mr. Barr when, using simple percentages, he shows what chance of inheriting a decent life a baby born today has.

The plain fact is that for most of mankind—and not all of them in Asia either—the human lot, in this age of scientific advance and progress, is shameful—hunger, when a man has a right to food; unnecessary sickness, when a man has a right to health; drudgery, when a man has a right to leisure; ignorance, when a man has a right to education. The spirit of rebellion, revolution, in the modern world is inevitable. And time and again—we are now seeing a climax, with Asia in turmoil—the Communists have gained control of that spirit, captured it, and given it direction and focus.

The Communists have been ruthless, shrewd, double-dealing and double-talking, but, ironically enough, their greatest triumphs have been built on the failures of Christians. In a world where Christians have been numerous and well-organized, Communism, not Christianity, has voiced the indignation of millions. In a world full of inequalities and injustices, Communism, not Christianity, has been the revolutionary, radical thing. Neither the rich nor the powerful, the exploiters nor the comfortably indifferent have feared Christianity. They have not seen it as a threat. Only the Communists, who understand what danger a dynamic Christianity could be to their own inhumanity, fear Christianity. The overfed can take it or leave it alone. In workaday life, they have found, Christianity can be ignored altogether; when it suits the purpose, the Sermon on the Mount can be reduced to a banquet-speech platitude.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The big danger is not that Christians will be persecuted—that is no more than they have been warned to expect. The big danger is that Christians will be persecuted for the wrong reasons—not because justice was loved but because injustice was condoned, not because of their sublime charity but because of their sublime indifference.

It is all right to answer with Chesterton that Christianity hasn't failed because it hasn't been tried. But then unless something is done about it, an argument may be won while a cause is lost.

Christians are better known as upholders of the status quo than as revolutionaries. For the majority of Catholics, the "social teachings of the Church" are heavy documents written in cumbersome Latin-English that bear little relationship to the real world. The zeal, the energy, the social protest and genuine sacrifice of the Communist is a mystery, whereas a Christian above all others should be able to understand that kind of fire and dedication. But that is not the way it has been. Our Christianity has been a tame, lifeless thing that could arouse no one, not even ourselves.

It would be still another setback if what little Christian social dedication and action there are were to lag, now that the Communists and fellow-travelers in this country are on the run. It would be tragic if Communism had become so identified with the spirit of social protest and Christianity so identified with the status quo, with all its evils, that Christians who carried on were suspect, considered discredited. Never has the time been riper for Christian social action. Never have the possibilities for genuine accomplishment been greater.

As for those who pioneered when the Communists were very much on the scene and close to winning the day completely, it must be admitted that they understood not only Communism and the climate that breeds Communists but Christianity itself better than most. You may not find them honored by the business schools or the Hearst papers as outstanding anti-Communists, but they were there when there might have been only the servants of the Kremlin if they weren't.

Through the Asian Crystal Ball

RIGHT now there is a lot more dust in the Far East and it's taking time to settle, and we have very little choice other than tensely to wait for it to settle. In the news from Washington it is possible to make out the outlines of the policy we are likely to follow towards Korea and China. During this lull we will try to stabilize our military position, and we will quietly prepare to evacuate Korea as we recognize the strong possibility that we will be forced out.

We will wait for the Chinese peace terms to come out of the various compromise proposals being put forward at the UN. It is almost certain, though, that the Chinese will demand Formosa and a UN seat, and, at best, will insist on the status quo ante bellum in Korea. These terms are unacceptable to the United States. Mr. Acheson and the President have decided that they will not tolerate China's winning prizes by means of military intervention. They are already under heavy shelling from the right, where some people (bearing a marked resemblance to Pyrrhus) apparently regret that we have not already made full war on China. On the left, the Administration's course opens a chasm between us and the British, who are playing in Asia a long-range game of conciliation and tactical withdrawal (a MacArthurian term that does not necessarily mean appeasement).

There is no ground for negotiation between the United States and the Chinese. That is the conclusion that must reluctantly be drawn. So a showdown is coming between the US and China —if we are very fortunate it will result only in an impasse: non-recognition and an American veto of Chinese UN membership. But there may be more: a blockade of China, economic reprisals, possibly bombings, but no American army in action against the Chinese army. This is limited war, but, as many have said, it is terribly likely to become less and less limited.

If this expedition into the jungle of likelihoods and probabilities and hints turns out to be an accurate prediction, then we face the possibility not only of grave military commitments in the Far East, but of a grave disagreement with European and Asiatic opinion. The Administration has come to the honorable conclusion that no matter what happens, the United Nations' principle of fighting aggression will be backed; will not be abandoned even for the most serious tactical reasons. American public opinion seems to back this. Whether we or the more dispassionate British will prove to be right is a matter on which the light goes out in our crystal ball.

In this framework of what is likely to happen, there are things that must be done. We must, no matter what the provocation, avoid an open break with the other democratic nations. This will be even harder to do in Asia than in Europe.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But if we decide on a holding action against the Chinese, we must fortify our Far Eastern position by urgent and cooperative talks with the free nations of Asia, aimed at a policy to strengthen and unify Asia. We must convince them that our belligerence in Asia is not a selfish action, and that we want to see the Far Eastern people free of both the virulent Eastern and the gasping Western imperialisms. Mr. North's article in this issue makes specific recommendations for such a policy. This approach will be hard to manage when it is paralleled by economic and diplomatic war with China. But not to make a selfless effort to pull Asia together would be fatal. We will have to convince the Asians that it would be just as fatal for them as it would be for us.

Seeds of Revolution

WHEN the Chinese Communists first lit into the UN lines in Korea, their action, which took our troops by surprise, had the equally shocking effect of sending the rest of us spinning on our heads, as though a rug had been snapped out from under our feet. While it can be said that we have by this time at least partly recovered from the fall, it would be a bit too much to say that we have recovered our sense of security in the world. Gone now is the faith we once had in the idea of containing Communism everywhere around the great periphery of the Russian-Chinese heartland and at least partly gone is our faith in the idea of building "situations of strength" from which to force the Soviets to bargain on honorable terms with us.

Quite abruptly these plans have been shaken up and so far there is nothing hard and fast to replace or to bolster them, nothing, at least, that is a sure foundation on which to lay the structure of a new security. We can be grateful that we have a potential bedrock of resistance in the Atlantic community of nations but on both sides of the Atlantic there are still all too discouraging signs that an American-European union is as yet not much more than a potential rock. On this side there are those who doubt that Europe is defensible, and there are those who would disperse our strength by involving us in a possible land war in Asia; in Europe, the English, the French and the Germans give us the impression of spending more time haggling over nationalist and socialist fine points than they spend on the business of union and survival. There is simply not enough evidence of a moral determination to stand together, a determination that will, if it appears in time, make the Atlantic nations the firm hope of freedom.

We would have no right to expect this union to take shape overnight were it not for the fact that Europe, with her back to the wall, has very little time to think things over. It is a question of self-defense now and one would think that there should be little hesitation about taking action in such circumstances. The fact that there is hesitation is, for one thing, a sign that we are not sufficiently convinced of why we fight. "Much of the attraction of European unity," writes the London *Tablet,* "comes from its being seen as a first step in the creation of a great Atlantic community which will, to put it bluntly, make it easier for more people to go from Europe to North and South America. It is admittedly a proof that Europe is sick almost to death that this should be so. But it is so, and the whole immediate question of how to raise European forces is closely linked with the status that membership [in] such forces will confer."

This statement is very interesting. It opens up the concept of Atlantic community, it goes beyond the urgent matter of self-defense and in doing so it throws light on the question of why we fight, because it reminds us implicitly that what we are doing is to fortify and to fertilize with new life an enlarged community where the Judeo-Hellenic-Christian traditions that made Europe and America what they are may now make an organic unity.

If we so often fail to think of the Atlantic community in these terms, it is because we have let the seeds of growth and revolution that are everywhere in our tradition fall on barren ground. There is more revolution in the injunction "to love thy neighbor as thyself" than there is in all of Marxism. What we so plainly need to do is to re-think and to re-enact the inexhaustible life of the faith and culture we have, so that from the Atlantic community another revolution may go out over the East and the West to renew the face of the earth.

Perhaps this concept may seem rather misty and grand to those of us who simply want to know what to do about the situation right now; if so, then we have only to think of the life of this new community as depending upon each one of us alone, upon our personal capacity to cherish the spiritual truth in our tradition, because every action we take as a community rests on the convictions we have as individuals, and a very large part of our tradition is that we have had our origins in the most simple of beginnings.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Through the Asian Looking Glass

All is not yet lost in Asia if we make an effort to see what the revolution is about.

By ROBERT C. NORTH

IN THESE times of crisis we like to believe that all non-Communist peoples see in the world-wide conflict the same fundamental issues we see. We like to believe that the Indian, for example, and the Malay and the Indochinese look upon us as friends and as trusted leaders in the struggle against Soviet totalitarianism. Yet if this should not be true, there is grave danger in telling ourselves that it is.

As a member of the United States delegation to the eleventh conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations held in October in Lucknow, India, I had an opportunity to smash through the looking glass and gain a fleeting glimpse of how the conflict looks from the Asian side.

What I saw and heard convinced me that the Asian world is grinding through one of those changes in cycle, one of those stupendous, nearly uncontrollable upheavals that sometimes bury the mighty and raise the lowly to high places. I have no idea what the outcome of this upheaval may be, but what I have seen of it convinces me that neither the United States nor any other power on earth can stop it. The problem, rather, is to find some method of adjusting to it and even steering it a little without either destroying ourselves or allowing it to destroy us.

The causes are numerous and complex: Asian populations are increasing by the tens of millions every decade; resources are insufficient to support the rapidly increasing numbers of people; the whole of Asia is a kind of technological battle ground where mechanical contrivances of the West are clashing with underdeveloped economies of the East; there are shocking extremes of poverty and wealth; there is famine; there is agrarian revolt. Most of the critical problems have been developing for at least a hundred years; most of them have reached the point of urgency; many of them are nearly insoluble.

The dynamic unrest generated by these problems finds expression in two broad, human impulses: a refusal to live any longer under conditions as they are; and a fierce determination to drive foreign political and economic controls out of Asia. These are the driving forces of modern revolution in Asia.

ROBERT C. NORTH, *of the Hoover Institute and Library of Stanford University, is a specialist in Sino-Soviet relations. He is the author of the novel, Revolt in San Marcos.*

★

AT LUCKNOW we learned from Nehru and dozens of other Asians that they wanted three basic things: true independence; social and economic betterment; and peace to achieve them in.

Most of the Asian delegates emphasized that nothing must be allowed to impede the struggle for these fundamentals. "Whether nationalism is good or bad, I do not know," Nehru told us, "nor do I care to know, but the urge for nationalism is there and must be satisfied, Communism or no Communism." As for social and economic betterment, a number of Asian delegates made clear at Lucknow that starving peasants could scarcely be expected to fight for civil liberties. What can Communism bring the hungry peasant that is worse than what he has? It was difficult for Western delegates to answer that question.

When Asian delegates demanded peace, they spoke in world-wide, rather than local terms. Many seemed to recognize a local need for force, however regrettable, but nearly all resented the big power struggle which seemed to inhibit the achievement of Asian goals. Particularly, they wondered whether the United States was as sensitive as they were to the difference between a struggle for political and economic freedom and a great-nation struggle for power. "There is evil in the world—plenty of it," Nehru told us. "We have to meet it with armed force. But as we do that, we become infected by the same evil, and we follow the same or a similar course. . . . I do not think that purely military methods have ever solved any major problems in the world." It seemed to Nehru that the United States had set out on a "similar course." In Korea, he said, we were allowing the military mind to peep out.

Numbers of delegates and many others I met in Asia were convinced that the United States stands opposed to true Asian independence and opposed to necessary political and economic reforms. For this reason, they are suspicious of our motives, and some distrust even our material aid as a weapon for imposing free enterprise upon the peoples of Asia.

But what of Communism? Can it be that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Asians have no fear of it? To most Westerners the answer is confusing. For whereas the Asian statesman—or intellectual, or even the industrialist—is likely to despise and fear the Communists among his own countrymen, the chances are good that he may condone and even admire the domestic achievements of the Soviet Union and of the Chinese Communists. For Western capitalism, many Asians told us, has subjected colonial and semi-colonial peoples to human indignities and to economic and political exploitation, while the Soviet Union, by "pulling itself up by its own bootstraps," has set an example which other underdeveloped nations cannot afford to ignore.

★

AS FOR Soviet aggression, the non-Communist Asian is almost certain to be against it, but he is equally against imperialism in all its forms. We have never laid eyes on a Russian, a group of Asian delegates explained to me one night. But we see Americans in Japan and Korea, British in Hongkong, and French in Indo-China. "When Indonesia was struggling for its independence," Nehru told us, "it was a monstrous thing to us that any country should support imperialism there. We just could not understand it. Whatever the reason, Communism or no Communism, it was a monstrous thing."

Unfortunately for the West, Russian Communists are well aware of Asian hatred for imperialism. They are equally aware of Asian desires for social and economic reforms and for peace to achieve them.

As far back as 1920 Russian Communists looked at Asia and saw there a great, indigenous revolution, a nearly uncontrollable upheaval. Then, with their own ulterior motives in mind, they set about devising a method for harnessing the dynamic of that upheaval and using it for Communist purposes. The result is that for 30 years the Communists have stood squarely behind what nearly all Asians want most: national independence, and social and economic reform.

We, on the other hand, have seemed to do quite the opposite, leaving many Asians with the impression that we defend imperialism, oppose domestic changes that are long overdue, and use the UN for our own imperialistic purposes.

★

MANY Asian charges against the United States are entirely unfounded. At Lucknow a British delegate tried to explain to assembled Asians that isolationism was, in his view, a more likely development in American policy than the "new imperialism" they talked so much about. "If Americans find themselves paying too heavy a price in the fight against Soviet aggression," he said, "and if they feel that other nations are not accepting a rightful share, the United States is likely to withdraw within its own borders and let Asia stew."

To most Asian delegates this was almost impossible to comprehend. "We see your military bases creeping in upon us," a delegate told me. "We see them in Japan, Okinawa, and the Philippines. We see you threatening to grant more aid to your American puppet, Chiang Kai-shek. Given an American victory in Korea, we are afraid you will establish bases there, too. What are these bases for? You tell us they are to stop Communism. We wonder about that. Are you sure they are not instruments of a new American imperialism?"

Among the Asian delegates, the sorest point of all, perhaps, was the American policy of supporting France in Indo-China.

According to Asian clocks, the hour is now very late, and one wonders whether there is anything at all for the United States to do. There is, I believe, no certain course for us to follow, no route that will ensure success. But it seems to me there are a number of fundamental principles that ought to guide us in all our future dealings with Asia.

★

THE United Nations was by its very nature compelled to oppose the North Korean aggression. Rightly, we threw behind that effort whatever forces we could muster. But we shall be committing a serious error if we fail to distinguish between the North Korean aggression and the local, home-grown unrest that underlies and gives power to contemporary revolution in Asia. For the United States can, in the long run, push back Russian tanks and still lose the battle of ideas in Asia. By supporting leaders whose followings are small and select and whose ideas are obsolete and hated, by lending force to institutions that do not deserve to survive, the United States can weaken itself and strengthen Communism.

In war or peace, I believe that the United States and the United Nations must follow a different course. Material aid to various parts of Asia represents a fundamental minimum. But it seems to me that in Asia we have evidence that ideas can be more powerful than things, that Western material aid, though vital, is not sufficient by itself to block Soviet ideas. In short, it seems to me that ideas can best be stopped by better ideas.

It seems to me that the United States has in its own democratic heritage a concept that is more revolutionary and certainly more peaceful and more just than anything the Soviet Union has to offer. This is the democratic process.

By the democratic process I mean government by the freely expressed will of the majority plus the recognition of individual human rights and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

protection from the abuse of power. In comparison with this concept, Soviet Russian principles of opportunism and double dealing are undemocratic, non-progressive, and counter-revolutionary. In so far as the United States has blocked legitimate progress at home and abroad, it has been because we ourselves—in contrast to our own revolutionary democratic origins—have limited or ignored the democratic process.

I believe it is not too late for the United States to assert its revolutionary democratic leadership through the United Nations. I believe that the United States, while supporting the United Nations in opposing aggression, must at the same time proclaim, in more meaningful terms than it has so far, the right of all Asians to select and to alter their form of government in an atmosphere where basic freedoms (or their closest possible Asian equivalents) are observed.

Beyond this, I believe that the United States must try to raise all critical Asian problems from unilateral to United Nations levels. We should urge a greater use of United Nations commissions, manned largely by Asians, for dealing with each point of conflict. Furthermore, while seeking to transfer the bulk of its own unilateral actions to United Nations levels, the United States should urge France to publish a time-table for the step-by-step achievement of Indo-Chinese independence, registering that time-table with the United Nations for all the world to see.

★

FINALLY, I believe that the United States should proclaim the right of all people to the opportunity for social and economic self-betterment—the opportunity to raise their standard of living without impairing basic human rights. The United States should take the lead in proposing to the United Nations and in supporting with American technical assistance and material aid a more comprehensive series of long range plans for irrigation, flood control, roads, schools, libraries, hospitals, electrification, agricultural development, and other material advantages which are necessary if democracy is to take root and flourish in Asia.

Russian support for Asian independence and even for social and economic reform is a Machiavellian thing, a temporary tactic in the long Communist struggle for a Soviet world. The United States, if it remains true to its democratic origins, should be a natural and able champion for a relatively peaceful and lasting revolution in Asia. I believe we can achieve that role—but only if we work within the United Nations. For the Asian revolution is, after all, an Asian process that can be completed only in Asian terms. Until we recognize that fact, we shall continue to antagonize many of the very peoples whose support we seek.

Double or Nothing

By THOMAS A. CLEMENTE

PUBLIC SCHOOL 39 was scheduled to have its annual Christmas party the day before vacation began. That day Sidney's mother came to school and asked that he be excused. I couldn't understand it. Sidney was my best friend, so I know no one else could understand either. He was crying when his mother took him by the hand and led him from the room just before the party. I felt bad for Sidney and I know he felt worse. After the door closed behind him our teacher looked into the faces of her fourth graders and said, "Sidney is Jewish," and the Christmas party continued. So everything was explained and nothing was explained.

★

THE Christmas observance in public schools was and is for the most part a popular, department store, Santa Claus Christmas. But even this anemic celebration places Jewish children in awkward and uncomfortable positions. Concern on the part of Jewish parents is valid. There is little effort at interpretation. The Jewish child must join in an observance he and his ancestors have rejected for 2,000 years or be dragged from the room as was my friend Sidney many years ago. Maybe Sidney lived it down, maybe he didn't, but he helps to point up the public school's dilemma.

In recent years certain Public School representatives and others have introduced in a number of cities joint Christmas-Hanukka observances. Hanukka is a Jewish holy day that falls in December. With this joint observance, say public educators, the Jewish child is not to be left out. He will then avoid the consequences of insecurity, of being scorned. A worthy ideal but one that finds the secularist advocates with the usual disregard for personal integrity and conscience.

The Christmas-Hanukka joint observances are one project to come from the growing field of inter-group relation studies. These efforts are intended to diminish social tensions by doing away with the friction that arises between cultural and national groups. Sixteen universities now have summer workshops in inter-group relations — Columbia grants a doctorate in the

THOMAS A. CLEMENTE *is a former official of the Cleveland round table of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. He is now the business manager of Information magazine.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

field—and they exert a considerable influence in American secondary and primary school education. Most recently—for one instance—the Chicago school system set up a special department dealing with inter-group relations. The Christmas-Hanukka joint observance is an example of one method for doing away with inter-group tensions—a most unfortunate method: by eliminating group differences.

Hanukka is a strange choice for a joint observance with Christmas. It falls in December but there all similarity ends. Actually the holy day represents ideals completely opposed to joint observance. The significance of Hanukka, or the Feast of Lights, so closely parallels modern history that its selection must be termed ironic. The Maccabees were an heroic family of brothers. They resisted the tyranny of a state and a tyrant who would have made them forsake their God. "And King Antiochus wrote to all his kingdom that all people should be one and everyone should leave his own law." The Bible gives testimony to the answer made by the Maccabees as leaders of the Jews to this demand of Antiochus. "And they would not break the Holy Law of God and they were put to death." This is the significance of the Feast of Hanukka. Judas Maccabee led a Jewish Army and defeated Antiochus. He fought and died rather than worship pagan idols instituted by the state. When Judas rededicated the defiled temple, a Menorah Candle was lit. Though there was only oil enough to burn a single day the candle miraculously burned for eight days. Hanukka is the eight day commemoration of the liberation of the Jews by Judas Maccabee — the Feast of Lights. Judas Maccabee left little doubt that the Jews were different and intended to maintain that difference.

★

THE desire to promote joint Christmas-Hanukka observances in the public school is an admirable one. However, an unfortunate perversion is made of both Christmas and Hanukka. It emphasizes the reason why Catholic Americans insist upon a parochial school education for their children and find public schools inadequate.

In December a compromise date between Christmas and Hanukka is selected for the "joint observance." There will be a Christmas tree and a Menorah Candle (symbol of Hanukka), and a little Jewish child will tell the tale of Hanukka and a little Christian the tale of Christmas. The Wise Men and Angels, the Heroic Maccabees all fit nicely into the pattern of fairy tales and miracles.

The joint celebration advocates present Christmas and Hanukka as social and cultural phenomena peculiar to Gentile and Jew. Their hope is that the Jewish children will thereby gain a sense of belonging. Understanding will be increased by diminishing the differences between the Jewish child and the Christian child—differences being a great source of inter-group tensions.

So the public schools become partners in a function which makes cultural oneness or sameness an overriding good. Even the distortion of a sacred belief need not stand in the way. Dilute Hanukka! Its meaning should be shouted from the rooftops. We must understand it now more than ever.

★

A TEACHER who had pioneered in joint Christmas-Hanukka experiments, a sincere woman describing the program to a group stated, "We made every effort to keep religion out of our plans." This destruction of the essential natures of the religious observances did not satisfy one listener. He insisted that neither Christmas nor Hanukka programs of any kind had any place in our public schools. He further demanded strict adherence to a policy of "complete separation of Church and State." This dissenter may be assured that neither church nor synagogue would claim any kinship with the program described by the teacher.

A Protestant minister asked the teacher "What was Christian about all this?" "The Christmas Tree," she said sincerely. Had a Rabbi been present he too could have asked "What was Jewish about the observance?" There would have been some answer for the teacher actually intended and thought that her program was a Jewish and a Christian program —even though religion was "kept out of it."

Christmas and Hanukka observances have an important place in our American tradition. No hyphenated school program will make them one and the same. Attempts to do so will succeed in making them nothing. Christmas and Hanukka give public schools an opportunity to show their sincerity, a chance to acknowledge the God-given rights upon which this government was founded. Is the public school the seminary of the secularists? Then why not a Jewish program and Christian program rather than a hyphenated "democratic" one. Hanukka does not require artificial status; all it needs is proper perspective. Emphasize the debt that every Christian owes to every Jew. The heroic resistance of the Maccabees truly was a declaration of independence. Judas Maccabee is a hero. Far and above the stature of military hero that he is made out to be in the proposed observance. He and the Maccabees are saints and martyrs. They preserved the Covenant made with God until the Messiah would come to redeem man. Can a Christian owe a greater debt to a Jew—or to any man?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The CIO on Public Ownership

THE Chicago convention of the CIO must have seemed to the men at the press table like a dull and lifeless thing by contrast with the CIO conventions of recent years. At Atlantic City in 1946, Boston in 1947, Portland in 1948 and last year at Cleveland the convention was hot copy and the tables down front were crowded with reporters looking for an answer to the question, "What will the CIO do about its Communist problem?"

Each year the answer was more interesting. Last year they threw out the United Electrical Radio and Machine Workers, the largest Commie-dominated affiliate, and a smaller one, the Farm Workers, and then set up the machinery to expel nine other unions which still owed allegiance to the Communist Party. Now they are all out. At Chicago this year the delegates turned down a protest of the Marine Cooks and Stewards, the only union that appealed its expulsion.

The men who were so articulate, so eloquent at past conventions, are gone. Gone is Harry Bridges, gone Jim Matles and Abe Flaxer, Joe Selly and Grant Oakes, Bryson and Durkin, Henderson and Gold. Inside the CIO as a whole the Communist question is practically dead.

There must have been men at the press table in Chicago who were comparing the convention with those of the AFL, great soporific affairs heavy with guest speeches and unanimity. But the comparison, if made, was unkind and also inaccurate. Things still happen at a CIO convention. At Chicago there was the exit from the national stage of John Green, the small Scottish president of the Shipbuilding Workers, who tried to keep his union great after the post-war recession by admitting brass workers and street cleaners, watchmakers and government clerks, and only succeeded in making it ridiculous. Green, soon to be replaced in his own union, was replaced as a CIO vice-president by Mike Quill of the Transport Workers, an old Red who jumped over the wall.

There was the peace-making effort of Phil Murray in the fight between Emil Rieve and George Baldanzi for control of the Textile Workers. Murray got the two men to lunch together and to exchange kind words, but how long it will last is another question.

Then there was the speech of this same Baldanzi, a man even more eloquent than the Communists, in which he blamed labor's poor showing in the recent elections on its willingness to underwrite the Democratic nominations of "a lot of racketeers and political hacks." The phrase is also unkind and inaccurate, but the general idea is a good one and needed to get out on the floor.

THE CIO isn't sleeping over a big, successful belly. It still has some of the sharpest, liveliest men in the country leading it. They may swing wild now and then, but they keep punching.

One thing you would not have seen at an AFL convention was the debate over the question of nationalization and public power. This is something we are going to have to talk about more and more as time goes on. On Long Island we have just had the second object lesson in nine months on how badly private enterprise can mess up one small railroad. Certainly if it ever comes to a choice between living with public ownership or dying with private enterprise people are not going to hesitate for long.

At Chicago the debate was hot and fairly close in the resolutions committee. The vote was 12 to 5. On the floor Murray blew the opposition down, as he has a way of doing, and things were neither so hot nor so close. I wasn't there and I haven't seen the text of the resolution. The *Times* says that it endorsed "the principles of the Tennessee Valley Authority and [urged] development of new hydro-electric power projects on a level adequate to meet the country's needs in peace or war."

The opposition was led by the delegates from the Utility Workers Union, whose own convention recently went on record unanimously as opposing any further government "encroachment" in the power industry. Joe Fisher, president of the Utility Workers and their chief spokesman, is a man who came up by way of a company union in the big Edison system in New York. The union got religion and joined the CIO, taking most of its old leaders with it. But they have not entirely outgrown their ancient heresies. Certainly, if the *Times* is right, they were not very logical at Chicago when they said that they favored more projects like TVA, but did not want any more public power. How can you separate the two?

★

NEVERTHELESS, Fisher's fight too was good and necessary. Among some of the livelier CIO leaders —men like Walter Reuther, Joe Curran and Mike Quill who have passed through either a Communist or Socialist period—there is a dangerous tendency to assume that public ownership, at least within the utility and public transport field, is an unmixed bonanza. On Quill's part this prejudice has survived some pretty sharp clashes with public owners on the subways of New York.

The difference between Quill and Fisher, both from New York, stems partly from the fact that when Quill went to work on the subways they were a classic example of rotten, inefficient private enterprise where men slaved from dawn to dark seven days a week and took home about half what they needed to keep their big families in food and clothing. Fisher, on the other hand, worked for one of the most profitable utilities in the country, an outfit that was continually plying its workers with pensions, good wages and conditions in order to exorcise the demons of unionism and public resentment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If a railroad or utility is inefficient and unprofitable, then it figures that a union will do better for its members if the public takes the thing over and makes available the vast resources of the public purse. If the company is rich, on the other hand, then any vigorous union is going to have an easier time squeezing money and conditions out of it than it would have if management could hide behind the power and prestige of government. Besides which, there is the little matter of the Taft-Hartley law, and such state ukases as New York's Condon-Wadlin law, which make it a crime for civil employees to strike.

★

IN ENGLAND as well as in Russia, and increasingly here in America, trade unionists are learning that the state can be just as tough an employer as any private Simon Legree. And from the state there is no appeal except to God.

But this fact remains: the only test of public ownership cannot be the effect on the workers employed in the enterprise. Even if working conditions were perfect on the Long Island Rail Road there would still be the question: must the state step in to make this rattle-trap safe? And if a utility company, or telephone company, is making a fortune because of the monopoly position it enjoys, it does not console the millions who have to pay the bills to know that the thousands who work for that utility are getting their share of the loot.

The TVA has had good relations with the unions, mostly AFL, which represent its workers. And when the CIO urges the extension of the TVA idea to other river valleys it is not necessarily going on record for Socialism. According to the *Times*, the backers of the resolution contended that "this plan would not wipe out private utility companies, but would set a yardstick that would bring down rates and assure broader use of power for industrial and domestic purposes."

This is how Murray himself put it in the debate on the convention floor: "I don't profess to be a Socialist any more than I am a Communist. But if I thought it was going to serve the best interests of the people of the United States for the government to take over enterprises of this kind in situations of this kind I would vote for it, no matter what anyone called it."

★

AND this is how Pius XI put it in *Quadragesimo Anno*, in his discussion of the "more moderate" kind of socialism: "So also the war declared on private ownership [by the socialists], more and more abated, is being so restricted that now, finally, not the possession itself of the means of production is attacked but rather a kind of sovereignty over society which ownership has, contrary to all right, seized and usurped. For such sovereignty belongs in reality not to owners but to public authority. . . . *For certain kinds of property, it is rightly contended, ought to be reserved to the State since they carry with them a dominating power so great that they cannot without danger to the general welfare be entrusted to private individuals.*

"*Such just demands and desires have nothing in them now which is inconsistent with Christian truth, and much less are they special to socialism.* Those who work solely toward such ends have, therefore, no reason to become socialists" (italics added).

I think the spirit of the CIO resolution is consistent with the letter and spirit of the encyclical. The important thing to remember is that there is no pat formula, no easy answer to the dilemma, to nationalize or not to nationalize? Each enterprise under question must be examined separately in the light of its own relation to the common good. What we should not do, however, is give way to a nervous fear of being called names by some Senator McCarthy because we believe that there are times when public ownership, and even the dread word nationalization, might be called for. The thing to do is to keep thinking, no matter what the cost.

JOHN C. CORT.

Communications

Sex and Morals

Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITORS: Father de Menasce has written an interesting and provocative article on "sexualized morality" (THE COMMONWEAL, November 24) which calls for some additional remarks, both of agreement and of criticism.

It must be gratefully acknowledged that the author recognizes the "symptomatic" nature of sexual problems. The idea has prevailed too long that sex and its manifestations must be taken at their face value. These things are often reducible to more basic attitudes of which they are the expressions. This relation is frequently overlooked, and the attempts at dealing with sexual problems prove, therefore, ineffective.

There is no doubt that the author is right, too, in stating that men turn to the quest of sexual pleasures not only because of nature but also because they fail to find satisfactions for other needs not less fundamental but less obvious and less easily gratified. To find satisfaction on the higher level of human existence entails effort, requires courage and patience, whereas on the lower levels of mere natural achievements satisfaction is easy and quick.

Modern man is addicted to the idolatry of comfort. All things must be made easy. One forgets that there are things which never can be made easy. In the fields of intellectual, artistic and moral endeavor there are no "gadgets" to save effort. This idolatry has contributed much to the underrating and depreciation of higher things. It is reinforced by and, in turn, reinforces the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too general discouragement which, like the Aesopian fox, devaluates what it fears to seek.

Nietzsche preached the "will to power" as the main driving force in man, as Thomas Hobbes had done before him, though in a different sense. Both have grasped a truth, but only to distort it. It is true that there is a primary need for self-assertion. But the full satisfaction of this need is found not in the attainment of power but in the realization of higher values. The less man believes himself capable of such achievements, the more he tends to find satisfaction in an easy manner on a lower level.

On this point, I beg to disagree with the author. It is not sexual life which "becomes thirst for power." The latter is at least as primary a trait of human nature as the former. The excesses of tyranny and cruelty which the world has witnessed are not transformations of sexual cravings, the satisfaction of which was already made possible by social decadence. When man is allowed to, and even praised for, torturing his fellows, a further valve is opened for the gratification of his will to power on a low level of easy triumph.

★

SERIOUS consideration should be given by educators and moralists to the author's remark on the necessity for stressing "satisfactions rather than mortifications." One will hardly accuse the author of failing to recognize the moral significance of mortification. But mortification like all sacrifice presupposes that the value sacrificed be first of all recognized in its true nature, that is, in its true relation to the total order of values. But this total order remains hidden to a mind which turns away from and never experiences values above those of mere nature. One cannot, indeed, expect anyone to give up the only values he knows for the sake of others he ignores or even denies because he has no real understanding of them.

It is unfortunate that the values which are usually offered as desirable and suggested as surrogates for illicit sexual satisfaction are not of a very high kind. Neither athletic prowess nor economic success is, as such, of a particularly high standing. It may be true—though questionable—that sports do act as a substitute, not because sexual "energy" is "sublimated," but because of the attractiveness of ends. But these ends have no lasting significance. Athletic competition is, after all, one displayed in a "game." And a game is essentially an activity which brings forth no other value than that of the activity itself. Nothing lasting results, unless it be the cherished memory of success. But this memory fades and will hardly become a compensation for the monotony and drudgery of daily existence.

The overemphasis on sports like that on sex is an escape phenomenon. It is not indicative of a strong vitality because human life is more than mere life as a biological phenomenon.

Another point made by the author should be given careful attention. In speaking of what he calls "sexualization," he comments on the fact that the modern idea is to define, as it were, human personality in terms of sex. He briefly considers the view of those who look upon sexual maturity as the criterion of personal maturity. But a man may be sexually mature and immature in all other respects. Maturity is characterized by the ability to postpone egotistic aims to those objectively required, by the community, by the moral or the divine law. As long as a person believes that to find satisfaction for himself is all he ought to do and does not realize that he perfects his being and fulfils his destiny only when his satisfaction is linked up with the creation of objective goodness, he is far from having attained maturity. Sex finds its full significance only when it is expressive of and conducive to personal love, that is, the recognition of the unique worth of another person and therewith of one's own.

★

THE subject-matter discussed in Father de Menasce's article is as vast as it is important. We have much to learn about these problems. Particularly, it is necessary for Catholic education and moral philosophy to keep free from the erroneous conceptions which are so common today. If it is false to make sex the paramount value and the primary factor in human existence, it is equally false to see in sex the main cause of defective and sinful behavior. Sex is not something apart from man's total personality and not something almost independent of it; it is part of man's being and as such ought to be subservient to man's highest goals. But this can be achieved only if these highest goals are truly envisaged.

The vision of the highest ends, however, is obscured as well by a disregard of the objectively greatest values as it is by opposing simply the values of lowest rank to the ultimate values of the supernatural. The average man cannot exist in a world that is emptied of values, and if he does not see any others he will fall back on those nature places immediately in his hands. He will then know of no other satisfactions than those of sex, of comfort, of greed, and lust for power.

Man must be led to the recognition of the ultimate and highest goods by being made aware of goods higher than those immediately at hand. It is written that we are led to the recognition of the things of God by the things of this world. We are led, if a way is shown by which we are allowed to discover the right order of goodness. Man's nature is not built so that he can live in a void between the pleasures of the mere vital order on one hand and the "things unseen" and hoped for on the other. Man needs the higher values of this world to make his life meaningful and satisfactory. He is not a truly human being if he does not know about the truly human values.

The restoration of morality must be paralleled by a restoration of humanity, and this means or, at least, entails the re-evaluation of the humanities.

RUDOLF ALLERS,
Georgetown University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Screen

VICKY AND HER BROOD

YOU may wonder as I did, when you see *The Mudlark,* just why English moviegoers were so antagonistic toward the idea of Irene Dunne's playing Queen Victoria. It is true she is surrounded by an English cast and the English are pretty touchy about their royal family; but Miss Dunne gives a performance that is in the best Helen Hayes-Anna Neagle tradition and I'm sure even the most chauvinistic British were placated after seeing it. My only objection to Miss Dunne's playing this role is that I hate to see a face as lovely as hers covered with putty and paint and stuff; there's nary a trace of the beautiful Irene in this realistic portrait of the aging neurotic widow of Windsor.

Actually this fuss about Irene Dunne in "The Mudlark" is all out of proportion. She does what she has to do as Victoria very well, but the main character in this handsome movie is a small boy named Wheeler, played to perfection by young Andrew Ray. Nunnally Johnson's script, stemming from the novel by Theodore Bonnet, relates how this ten-year-old boy, in the thirty-ninth year of Victoria's reign, added a footnote to history. Ordinarily you'd call Wheeler a grubby street urchin—except for the fact that the streets are not his locale. He sleeps in a sewer and spends his daytimes wandering with other scavengers along the Thames at lowtide hoping to find something of value. On one dark foggy day he finds on a dead man's body a small cheap plaque of Victoria, and when a watchman later explains that this is the Queen-Mother who has lived in seclusion in Windsor Castle ever since the death of her husband 15 years ago, Wheeler decides to go and see a queen and a mother, because he has no idea what either is like. His adventures are fascinating, and although Director Jean Negulesco allows his movie to drag slowly at times and get a bit precious, it will by no means bore you. The sets are the real thing and as beautiful as any I've ever seen.

Running simultaneously with the story of the little boy who is goggle-eyed at everything he sees in the castle is the conflict between Victoria and Disraeli (nicely portrayed by Alec Guinness who could probably take over any of the George Arliss roles). The prime minister and the queen's subjects think she has carried her mourning too far; and he is backed in his efforts to get her to make a public appearance by John Brown (Finlay Currie), the robust Scotsman whose drinking and snappy wisecracks are tolerated only because he and poor dear Albert were such good friends. When Wheeler is finally apprehended and thrown into prison, Disraeli makes the most of the case which becomes a national issue. The speech he gives in Parliament about the Queen Mother and her brood of under-privileged children is a honey and it does the trick. Audiences who like a well-acted, handsomely produced, dignified movie that touches the heart strings are going to like "The Mudlark" and shouldn't miss it.

★

AUDIENCES who like their movies a little more active can turn to another story about a youngster who was one of Vicky's brood. I'm sure that Rudyard Kipling never considered him that way, but he wrote a good novel, perhaps his best, about this boy in India who turned out to be not a native but the son of an Irish sergeant. *Kim* has now been made into an impressive movie; perhaps it's too long and perhaps it talks down to its audience too much so that every moppet will get the point; but the story is a good one and Producer Leon Gordon and Director Victor Saville have done well by it.

Much of "Kim" was photographed in India in Technicolor and these authentic backgrounds lend an atmosphere of reality that makes up for what juggling has been done with Kipling's plot. Dean Stockwell plays Kim with his usual charm and understanding of character; he is particularly successful in portraying the strange situation in which this youngster finds himself when, although smart beyond his years, he has to adjust his thinking away from his street-gaming past and toward his future as a white gentleman. Kim has two loves: one for the Lama (Paul Lukas), who is searching for the River of the Arrow that will wash away the ties and fears of this earth; the other for Mahbub Ali (Errol Flynn with a red beard), and the part he plays in the Great Game, as this system of spying and counter-spying was called by the British when Victoria was empress of India. Kim's life becomes very full indeed—what with guiding his Lama (the relationship between these two is nicely portrayed) and going to the sahib's school and learning how to be a spy and then swinging into action in the Great Game. When Kim gets too involved way up in the Khyber Pass, his elders finally realize a boy has gone on a man's mission; and Red Beard goes to the rescue. Regardless of how you feel about Kipling as a writer and imperialist, you'll find "Kim" an exciting and handsome movie you can see with kids of all ages.

★

THE idea of Bing Crosby portraying "the world's laziest man" fills me with such glee that I'm sorry that his new movie, *Mr. Music,* isn't quite up to par in all departments. It offers plenty of the infectious Crosby charm, but at times the plot plods too hard and the musical numbers lack original sparkle. "Life Is So Peculiar" is a good song and I enjoyed its silly lyrics the first two times it was sung; but its frequent repetition throughout the movie stretched its nitwittery too thin.

Mr. Music is Mr. Crosby who just refuses to get to work on his new show; so his producer (Charles Coburn) hires psychology student Nancy Olson to make

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him pay attention to his song writing. Nancy has to contend with a lot of distractions other than Bing's laziness—the main one being Ruth Hussey looking lovelier than ever. As you might expect, Bing has to teach the young psychologist how to be human and how to be feminine. Everybody seems to have a lot of fun while teaching everyone else. As Nancy's aunt, Ida Moore has the most fun—and steals the most scenes, which is no small achievement in a Crosby picture. The guest stars include Dorothy Kirsten, Marge and Gower Champion, Groucho Marx and several others who brighten up various musical numbers. However for Crosby fans, among whom am I, Bing himself is always the brightest number no matter who tries to outshine him.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Stage

The Tower Beyond Tragedy

JUDITH ANDERSON, having had one success with a Robinson Jeffers adaptation from the Greek —Euripides' "Medea"—has been quite naturally but not necessarily advisedly drawn to another, this time a reworking of Aeschylus' Oresteian trilogy. She is giving it a limited engagement under the auspices of the American National Theatre and Academy, an organization of considerable promise, but a limited engagement is the most it will bear. The first thing to be said about "The Tower Beyond Tragedy" is that it is not a play at all, but a philosophical poem. Aeschylus was something of a philosopher himself, but he used the philosophy to explain the action of the play, whereas Jeffers uses the action of the play to explain his philosophy. This is a condescending rather than a responsible use of the theatre, reducing the theatre's own role to that of a stepchild, and robbing the action of that independent vitality which could give it life. The result is a 'play' which seems to contain no action, or rather only meaningless actions.

The familiar motions are all here. Clytemnestra kills her husband, but in rather a hurry. Orestes returns some years later and kills his mother, but with obvious reluctance and in something of a panic. Mr. Jeffers now adds a motion of his own, but one that has become familiar since Freud: Electra suddenly declares her incestuous love for her brother. But each event seems without purpose, without urgency, as though the characters were automatons fulfilling a purpose which they do not grasp. Nor do their separate purposes add up. There is no pattern, and when late in the evening Electra becomes passionate about Orestes it is as though we were starting a new play. Where in Aeschylus there was an inevitable and coherent cycle of murder, revenge, and expiation, here the violence seems random and even gratuitous.

Well, Mr. Jeffers' point is that it *is* random and gratuitous. In the last scene, using Orestes as his spokesman, he announces that the active life is in itself meaningless—that it draws us into a purposeless violence which can only be tragic—and that the solution for the man of good will is a kind of natural mysticism in which he divorces himself from human passion and human purpose to become one with the granite rock and the flowing stream. I knew Mr. Jeffers was going to get that rock in somewhere, but I was still annoyed to be told that everything I had conscientiously followed all evening was without real interest or importance. I hadn't found it interesting myself, but I kept thinking he would.

★

IN the last analysis, Aeschylus was not only a better dramatist, but a better philosopher. Though he had to work with a crippled and confused theology, he was still able to intuit a universe which was not necessarily evil in its every active manifestation—a universe with which man could, through whatever agony, come to terms. And while Aeschylus' superior philosophical position does not automatically lead him to writing the better play, Mr. Jeffers' position does almost automatically rule out the possibility of his writing a good one. He denies the value of action, whereas drama is hardly anything more than a reflection of our love for and our faith in that value.

Philosophical considerations apart—and it is Mr. Jeffers who brought them up, not I—the production of this play by ANTA seems to me to be questionable on two counts. Because it is dull and at the same time vaguely Greek, it reinforces the popular notion that the Greeks were dull and difficult. ANTA might have performed a real service by producing Aeschylus himself in one of the reasonably good new translations which have been made, and helped dispel this belief. Secondly, ANTA is a non-commercial management dedicated in general to the "better things." There is already a popular superstition to the effect that the "better things" are somehow those which could not conceivably succeed on a commercial level, and ANTA has no business giving it unwitting reinforcement.

The production itself is well mounted and well lighted. When Judith Anderson is on stage, though she is perhaps too often in the same place on stage, she commands our attention and determined interest. The rest of the company is not so skilful. Marian Seldes is a handsome Electra, but a flailing one. Alfred Ryder's Orestes seemed to me preposterous. And the mobs have that willing but aimless air of people who have really come to usher, but have been pressed into service at the last moment. (*At the* ANTA *Playhouse.*)

WALTER KERR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thud and Blunder

By CAROL H. WEISS

IT HAS been estimated that some 1,500 murders take place each week on the radio. This, according to Gilbert Seldes, does not include murders meditated or suspected on daytime serials, but does include murders specifically arranged for children's programs.

This mass blood-letting requires a horde of detectives to bring the criminals to justice and prove that crime does not pay. The size and shape of these fearless champions of the law varies from the petite giddiness of Pamela North to the hulk of the Fat Man. But the pattern of the programs is despairingly monotonous.

The rules of these relentless crime sagas are evidently:

1. The crime involved must be murder. Theft, burglary, arson, narcotics, smuggling, and blackmail may crop up in the script, but only to provide the motive for the ensuing murder. The theory behind this is evidently that modern audiences are impervious to lesser thrills.

2. The story must involve at least one seductive female. Theory: if the plot doesn't tingle any spines, the low-pitched sultriness might.

3. Violence is essential. A few good brawls, even a flesh wound in the hero's shoulder, keep the story moving from one commercial to the next. Theory: detectives must have guts, even if these have to be strewn over the barroom floor. Alternate theory: if things move fast enough, the audience will lose sight of the fatuity of the story.

4. Liquor never hurts. Particularly if connected with No. 2. Theory: beer will do for sissies, but a he-man needs his double Bourbon.

5. Sound motivation is a dispensable luxury. Radio murderers, even supposedly normal individuals in respectable upper-class positions, kill because of jealousy over a friend's prosperity, desire for amazingly paltry sums of money, discovery of a ten-year-old flirtation, or fear of revelation of a misdemeanor on which the statutory period of limitation has long expired.

6. The marksmanship of all would-be murderers is perfect, except when gunning for the detective. Victims are rarely wounded; they are either stone cold dead on the spot, or else they die in the hospital without regaining consciousness. No regularly employed script writer would have any truck with a myopic killer.

7. Clues must be kept simple. The three perennials are color-blindness (the corpse was dressed after the murder; was found with one red sock and one green sock; there is a color-blind suspect skulking in the script; ergo—), left-handedness (a partly used matchbook is found on the scene of the crime with all the remaining matches on the right side; this probably sends more left-handed radio murderers to join their forefathers than any other single clue), and knowing more than the police revealed ("We only told you he was killed! How did you know he was shot? Take him down to Headquarters!").

8. The sketchiest evidence will do. Since most of it would not stand up in a court of law, criminals must be severely shocked by the detective's indisputable logic into such a state of trauma that they yearn to spew up confessions. Or else, on being shown the left-handed match book, the criminal grabs a handy gun lying nearby and snarls, "So I did it! But you'll never get me!" They inevitably do. A further common variation is the cathartic confession. The murderer has the hero trapped and is about to finish him off, but he takes five minutes out to explain in vivid detail how he managed his last three murders. This monologue enables the pursuing posse to catch up and overpower him.

9. Crime labs, fingerprints, dictaphones, laundry marks, and ballistics are useful paraphernalia, but nothing will ever replace the two-fisted he-man. Theory: this is The American Way.

Fortunately, there are a few programs on the air that spurn some or all of these fundamental tenets. One is "Dragnet" (Thursday, 9:00 p. m. EST, National Broadcasting Company). "Dragnet" is introduced as a documentary—"authentic stories of your police force in action . . . transcribed from the official files" of the Los Angeles Police Department. Improbable as it may seem to audiences constantly swindled by "true stories," "true confessions," and similar pap tricked out as real-life drama, "Dragnet" actually sounds like a police force in action. No attempt is made to inject synthetic glamor into the proceedings. Cases are handled capably and quietly, as though they were part of a regular job, and not the jazzed-up tales of a Sunday detective. The work is often tedious and routine. It is announced that the program receives technical advice from the office of W. H. Parker, Chief of Police of Los Angeles. Chief Parker's office is evidently fed to the teeth on Perry Mason-type sleuthing.

The police on the program are quiet, hard-working fellows. The dialogue sounds like people talking, not like soap opera hacks or gag-writers trading left-over lines. There is an air of casualness about the conversation that is completely convincing. Excellent writing and fine performances by the cast, headed by Jack Webb as Joe Friday, are great assets, but the most important factor is the knowledge that the dialogue is not mined with hidden leads or give-away blunders. No one is trying to slip any greased clues by you; no twists are going to be rung.

Most mystery programs begin with a corpse and three suspects. The detective's job is to prove the guilt of one of the suspects or, on rare occasions, of an obscure butler who has been standing in the corner looking like a clothestree. "Dragnet" on the other hand is a classic chase. It starts with a crime, and no ready-made gallery of suspects, and it moves with workmanlike thoroughness to a solution.

CAROL H. WEISS, *who is an executive of a national community service organization, has recently, in listening to the radio, made use of a pack of index cards and a pencil. This article presents some of her findings.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The evidence collected must be conclusive enough to convince a jury. On a recent program, Friday went to dangerous lengths to ensure capture of a group of narcotics dealers in the act of transferring possession of the heroin. He knew that conviction, otherwise, would have been extremely improbable. In another case, although the police had amassed technically convincing evidence of a burglar's guilt—shreds of clothing, a shoe print, tufts of hair—he was not convicted. The work had to begin all over again.

★

ANOTHER refreshing feature is that murder is evidently not the only crime committed in Los Angeles. Sergeant Friday has been detailed to everything from kidnapping and threatening letters to bunko and larceny. In none of the cases have the criminals been stereotyped hoodlums with congenital inability to voice the tongue-point dental fricative; no dem's and dose's on "Dragnet." Nor have even the professional crooks been brashly reckless of life. They presumably know the difference in the sentences meted out for bookmaking and for murder. If there is any fairly recurrent trait, it is a tremendous faith in the power of money—although unlike some police forces in action, the Los Angeles force is not to be bought off. In general, the criminals turn out to be as diverse a collection, and far more interesting than quiz show contestants. Some samples:

The kidnapping case involved a new-born infant taken from a hospital nursery. The child was traced step by step to the home of a hard-working Italian family celebrating the baptism of their new baby. The woman insisted that it was her child, and that she had just brought it home from an Arizona hospital. Under Friday's quiet questioning, she finally admitted it that it wasn't hers. She explained that she and her husband had been married for eleven years. They wanted a child more than anything in the world. When she had at last become pregnant, they were jubilant. She went to a hospital in Arizona. But her baby died at birth. She flew home, bewildered, unable to face her husband. She wandered around the streets. Suddenly she saw she was in front of a hospital. She went up to the nursery, waited until the nurse had been called away, and then, out of all the babies there, she took just one. "It'll be all right, ma'am," Friday said.

The police were called in by the pastor of a Los Angeles church about a series of threatening letters. One of the parishioners, a woman named Dorothy Wilson, had been receiving vicious and obscene letters and phone calls for some weeks. Their refrain was "You are a sinner and have led a sinful life. Leave the church or your blood will run in the aisles." The police analyzed the handwriting of the letters, investigated the woman's story, and kept close watch on her activities. They decided the whole thing was a phony; she was sending the letters to herself. Friday questioned Miss Wilson.

By the author of

"Guidance of Religious"—

RELIGIOUS LIFE AND SPIRIT

by

Rev. Ignaz Watterott, O.M.I.

Translated by

Rev. A. Simon, O.M.I.

$6.00

These forty conferences to sisters were written by an experienced counselor who has a sympathetic understanding of the problems that often confront earnest souls in a convent. He knows their joys, too, in their pursuit of perfection.

Aware that grave faults are rare in the lives of those consecrated women, he turns their self-examination to lesser defects which, if left unchecked and uncorrected, may lead to more serious consequences for the sister and for the peace of the community.

In these conferences nothing is more striking than the author's insistence that a sister's spiritual progress and the welfare of the religious community is dependent on faithful observance of the rule. In every institute of sisters the rule and the constitution provide safeguards that are needed especially for those who are engaged largely in activities outside the convent.

The renewed aspirations which are the fruit of a good annual retreat need to be occasionally recalled and fortified by appropriate spiritual reading and meditation. *Religious Life and Spirit* meets this need.

At your bookstore or from

B. HERDER BOOK CO.

15 and 17 South Broadway, St. Louis 2, Mo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She rambled on about religion, how much it meant to her, how soothing it was. She told him of the men who had proposed to her, of the pretty clothes she had had, but how even when she was younger and very popular, she had never enjoyed parties or dating. Friday asked her why she had sent the letters. She said she didn't know what he was talking about. He mentioned the evidence they had collected. Suddenly she said, "You know I never did go out on dates much. I made all that up." She admitted sending the letters. "I've always wanted to be noticed. I wanted people to know who I was. I wanted them to say 'There goes Dorothy Wilson.' Nobody has ever paid much attention to me."

Perhaps the most engaging thing about "Dragnet" is its warm understanding of people. If intelligence can be measured as the number of shades visible between black and white, "Dragnet" is an intelligent program. Character is not subordinated to the arbitrary requirements of an action-packed script. The characters fashion the plot.

I do not intend to imply that this is a great program. The format is stylized. The perpetual low-keyed underplaying may become as tedious as the raucous clamor of its airwave brethren. But in contrast with them, it is a hunk of sanity in a tinsel and bullet-riddled world. In recent weeks, the sponsor, Fatima Cigarettes, has even toned down its more strident commercials. Although relatively genteel by George Washington Hill standards, they were as embarrassing on "Dragnet" as a huckster's spiel in a Back Bay drawing room.

Of Note

Realistic Look

STRINGFELLOW BARR, former president of St. John's College in Annapolis and now president of the Foundation for World Government, is the author of a new pamphlet, "Let's Join the Human Race," published by the University of Chicago Press (5750 Ellis Avenue, Chicago 37, Illinois). In his introductory paragraphs he says: "If the American government is to find a foreign policy, a policy that is constructive and realistic, we American citizens had better have a good realistic look at the human race." He continues:

> If you are born this year, then on the same day more than 200,000 other babies will be born, all over the world.
>
> You will have less than one chance in twenty of being born in the United States. Your chance of being born in the Soviet Union will be not much better. These countries may be heavily armed, but most people just don't live in them.
>
> You will probably be colored. Remember that you and the 200,000 other squawking brats who will be the day's baby crop are going to be born all over the planet and that there are just not many openings in the places where the white race lives. You must take your chances with the other babies. And the chances are, you will be colored—colored black, or colored brown, or colored yellow.
>
> Your chances of being born white this year are not more than one in three. Your chances of being Chinese are one in four; of being born in India, better than one in nine.
>
> If you are born colored, you will probably be born either among people who have recently revolted and thrown out the white folks who used to govern them or else in a country that is still trying to throw the white folks out. If you are born in Africa, you are likely to learn the maxim: "Never trust a white man."
>
> You have only about one chance in four of being born a Christian. It is far more likely that you will be born a Confucian or a Buddhist, a Mohammedan or a Taoist.
>
> If you are born in the United States—and remember, that's quite an *if*—you will probably live longer than a year. But if you are born in India, which is more likely, you have only a little better than a one-to-four chance of living more than a year. But cheer up! Your chances in some places would be worse; and besides, even if you survive babyhood in India, you have only a fifty-fifty chance of growing to maturity.
>
> If you are born colored, the chances are overwhelming that you will be chronically sick all your life — from malaria, or intestinal parasites, or tuberculosis, or maybe even leprosy. And even if you are not chronically sick, you are likely to be weak from hunger. You have about a two-to-one chance of suffering from malnutrition, either from too little food or from food that is not a balanced or nourishing diet. You have a reasonably good chance of experiencing real famine—to the point where you will be glad to eat the bark off a tree. But this chance is extremely hard to calculate.
>
> Again, if you are born colored, you have only a one-to-four chance of learning to read. And since you almost certainly will not own a radio, you will be pretty well cut off from that part of the human family that has enough to eat and that is reasonably healthy. You will most likely live in a mud hut, with a dirt floor and no chimney, its roof thatched with straw. You will almost certainly work on the land, and most of what you raise will go to the landlord. In addition, you are likely to be deeply in debt to the local moneylender, and you may have to pay him annual interest of anywhere from 30 to 100 per cent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

Shooting an Elephant and Other Essays. George Orwell. Harcourt. Brace. $2.75.

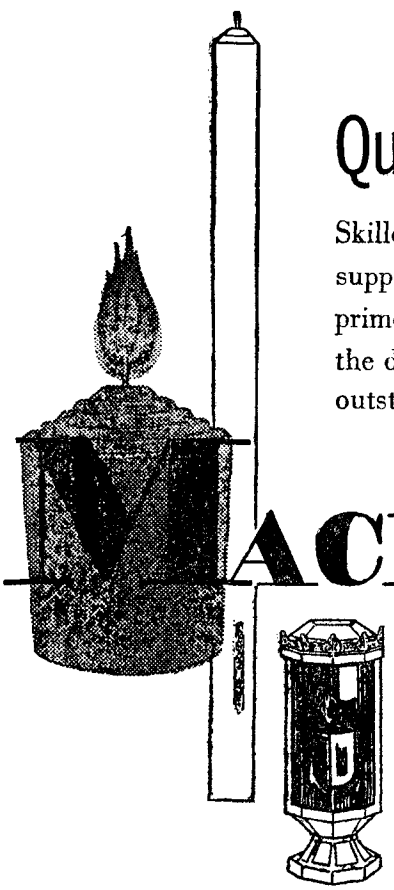
THE special quality of George Orwell as an essayist may perhaps be conveyed through a series of approximations. He is a sensitive modern spirit not too demoralized to strike back, or, he is a humanist who admits the idea of progress, or, he is an eighteenth-century essayist with a modern sense of the urgency of problems. In these roles his forte is a kind of intellectual reportage, in which a hard basis of realistic observation is followed by a point.

The variety of subjects treated in this volume enables one to see that Orwell writes best when he is emotionally involved through some personal experience. The title essay, which goes back to the days when he was a police officer in Burma, is an outstanding accomplishment in using the frame of an episode to bring out the status of the white colonial in Asia. "How the Poor Die" and the light pieces "Good Bad Books" and "Thoughts on the Common Toad" are specimens of the same deft talent employed on widely dissimilar subjects.

On the more academic and controversial essays, such as "Lear, Tolstoy and the Fool," "Politics vs. Literature," and "Second Thoughts on James Burnham," judgment must be tempered. Here Orwell is very resourceful at exploring issues and at turning up hitherto overlooked parallels; but one does not always feel that his conclusions, even when they seem inviting, are deeply founded. "Politics and the English Language," though recognizing the faults of modern malpractice, does not reveal that knowledge of the nature of language which would be required for a real course of correction. The comparison of Tolstoy to King Lear himself, and of Jonathan Swift to modern opponents of totalitarianism are to say the least stimulating; and the denomination of Swift as a "Tory anarchist" seems to me an acute perception. Yet one may have the reservation, in following these more extended hypotheses, that the author makes use of shaky scaffolding, and that he occasionally runs along a pretty narrow plank to get from one point to another.

What Orwell has left us is what we righly expect of every good humanist, a renewed sense of the proportion of things. This sense does not require, and indeed it can be hampered by, recondite learning or subtle reasoning. In *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four* he showed the political mania of our age in proper perspective; and in this collection of essays he speaks, not of cabbages and kings, but of equally disparate subjects in the same humanizing spirit. Let me conclude with a sentence from "Thoughts on the Common Toad":

> I think that by retaining one's childhood love of such things



Quality and service

Skilled craftsmanship and trained representatives . . . supported by modern manufacturing methods, prime materials, and careful management . . . insure the delivery of quality and service at outstanding values.

MACK-MILLER

ecclesiastical candles

MACK-MILLER CANDLE CO., INC., Syracuse 1, N. Y.

New York • Chicago • Boston • New Orleans • Los Angeles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as trees, fishes, butterflies, and —to return to my first instance — toads, one makes a peaceful and decent future a little more probable, and that by preaching the doctrine that nothing is to be admired except steel and concrete, one merely makes it a little surer that human beings will have no outlet for their surplus energy except in hatred and leader-worship.

RICHARD M. WEAVER.

Many-Colored Fleece. Edited by Sister Mariella Gable, O.S.B. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

THIS is the third of Sister Mariella's short-story collections, and it is interesting that Catholic fiction, so-called, has become quite popular since *They Are People,* her anthology of stories about priests, nuns and monks, came out in 1942. Reviewing that book in THE COMMONWEAL at the time, C. G. Paulding wrote: ". . . people are becoming aware of the presence in American life of the priest and the nun, a natural presence, not a foreign presence, and so they are becoming at long-last able to speak of these people, these men and women, naturally." What was a trend has become a dominant theme eight years later. Thomas Merton, J. F. Powers, Crawford Power have appeared in the meantime; Harry Sylvester, a doughty pioneer, has published three more novels; *The Cardinal* and *I Leap Over the Wall* hit the best-seller lists; and the Catholic writers Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh and Bruce Marshall have lost their coteries and gained two continents. For a time it almost seemed that the "humanized" priest or nun was *de rigeur* if one was interested in getting widely read.

Sister Mariella, it appears now, knew a trend when she saw one. So maybe it would be wise to heed what she says in her thoughtful, confident preface to the present volume. "The story of the future will present man's affairs with God directly, not only in so far as monks, nuns and priests are concerned but more specifically in so far as the layman is concerned. The layman himself will have to break the bad tradition he himself has created. . . . The present preoccupation of laymen with the clergy as the only subject for religious art may well testify to the strong clerical influence in social consciousness." Lay spirituality, the re-discovery of the layman's vocation to sanctity, she holds, is the most important thing to be said about the "Catholic revival" in America. Out of it, inevitably, will come a new spiritual fiction. And this fiction will be revolutionary, not only in that it will add a new dimension to its content but will elicit a new form, as yet unthought-of, necessary if the religious experience of the day is to be made articulate. Perhaps we will have to wait a generation for this new fiction but come it will.

In the meantime the best current fiction produced by Catholics is a bridge. Or, to use her own figure, a beachhead. And she warns that it would be foolish to regard a beachhead as a continent.

SO much for the sanguine preface. The stories themselves, 24 of them and only two from Catholic magazines (*Sign* and THE COMMONWEAL), are mostly by well-established writers. None of these seems to be the individual author's best work but all are worthy to represent the varied gifts displayed. Among them: Paul Horgan, Frank O'Connor, John Steinbeck, Langston Hughes, Tess Slesinger, Sean O'Faolain, Brendan Gill, Katherine Anne Porter and Graham Greene. Neither the authors nor their subject matter in every case is specifically Catholic (indeed *Prothalamion* by Edward Sheehy struck me as being subtly anti-Catholic) but the stories are here collected because Sister Mariella feels that for one reason or another they should be of special interest to Catholic readers.

Among the lesser lights Bryan MacMahon, a young Irishman who burst on the scene in 1949, stands out, with a tale of a priest in Montana who works out a canny Irish trick to win back one of his lost sheep, a half-Chinese, half-Irish lady of fashion. Joseph W. Carroll and Betty Wahl contribute sly pictures of life on the Catholic campus. Two stories, one from the *Satevepost,* which might have served as an example of pious slick fiction at its worst, and another not previously published are woefully outclassed in the general company of the book. But they are more typical of the Catholic short fiction usually served up to us and so at least point up the excellence of the others.

During these recent years when there has been so much hand-wringing about the low state of Catholic fiction, Sister Mariella as teacher, anthologist and constructive critic has probably done more than anyone else to show people what decent Catholic fiction looks like and to hint at what it might be. In this volume she was not able to present her Catholic readers with a new J. F. Powers, but she has further earned their abiding gratitude, if for no other reason than because again she gives the campus hopefuls something to shoot at and perhaps, just perhaps, offers the professional mourners a wee bit of comfort. Of course unwritten stories are always finer than written ones: Sister Mariella like every anthologist suffers under that handicap. But she works on the "seek and ye shall find" principle, and even the gloomiest deans must find an occasional ray of hope in what she comes up with.

JOHN COGLEY.

Russian Nonconformity. Serge Bolshakoff. Westminster Press. $3.

A FASCINATING and rather little known story is told in this book, the strange sequence of nonconformist movements among the Russian people. Nonconformity had already appeared in the 14th century, and in the 15th century reached its first climax in the movement of the "Judaisers" who converted a number of Russians to a strange mixture of Judaism and Orthodoxy.

Another climax was reached in the 17th century when the Great Schism took place, separating from the official Church of Russia the so-called Old Believers. While this fact is of common knowledge, the later fate of these dissenters is not: it is there-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fore interesting to read that around 1870 one could count as many as 130 sects, or that in our day the Old Believers are rather well organized and treated by the Soviet government in approximately the same way as the official Church.

There follows, in the book, a brief account of the rise and development of mystic sects, one of which, the **Dukhobors**, has migrated to the **Western Hemisphere** and has caused trouble there—this is by the way, not told in the book. Much attention is given to Protestant sects among the Russians, one of which, the Baptists, seem to share with the Orthodox Church the relative benevolence of the Soviet Government.

The treatment of Russian Catholicism is short and cold. The book is concluded by a survey of "The New Nonconformity" — the official Church of Russia since 1917 is treated, surprisingly enough, under that heading, since Marxism has taken over the position of an established Church. In consequence, the *emigré* groups of the Russian Orthodox people are discussed as nonconformity within nonconformity. The problem of the existence of an underground Church is touched upon twice, but rather cautiously. The author does not commit himself to a definite statement about its size and influence.

The book is good reading for those who are already familiar with the Russian religious scene. Those who are not will immediately be lost in the maze formed by the various movements. Even these, however, would notice this striking fact—various types of nonconformism have easily found their way to the very summit of Russian society, including the court of the Russian monarchs.

N. S. TIMASHEFF.

Haven's End. John P. Marquand. Little, Brown. $3.50.

IT gives one an odd, almost omniscient feeling to close this book, withdrawing from the Yankee provincialism of *Haven's End*, and see out your cabin window the looming, snow-crested Rockies, lovely, calm, eternally patient. You have just been across the nation to Newburyport with J. P. Marquand, to *Haven's End, Wickford Point, Point of No Return*. He has raised the Yankee dead to life, polished to brilliance erstwhile greening candlesticks, oiled to a hum creaky carriage wheels.

After writing this book, and learning from it, around 1929, he went up the Newburyport Turnpike to Boston, where George Apley was fictionally exhumed with a wit and wisdom that still stings and suffuses with warmth like a rare, old wine. There followed, too, the regaling repetition of Apley in *H. M. Pulham, Esq.* But Apley has been done, is secure in the literature of New England, once and for all.

Somerset Maugham has said that a writer can see through a brick wall. And if you had grown up not too far from Newburyport, it would be easier to understand what X-ray

"I never could resist a bargain!"

. . . wrote one lady not long ago. "And your kits are surely that—five times what I could buy for the money. So here is $30.00 for a kit, to send to some missionary who will pray for me and mine." We have sent thousands of these kits all over the world, and need additional thousands. So send your gift, if you, too, love a bargain, to

REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S.J.,
The Catholic Medical Mission Board,
10 West 17th St., New York 11, N. Y.

New Porter Sargent Books

32d Edition

HANDBOOK OF PRIVATE SCHOOLS

1024 *pages, red silk cloth,* $8.00

"Stimulating, pungent and indicative of your wide experience and understanding of private schools", *Arthur S. Huey,* Leelanau Schools. "I know of no book so useful to us as yours. We constantly refer to it", *John F. Gummere,* Wm. Penn Charter school.

EXTENDING HORIZONS

How the New Revelations May Pierce the Curtain of Ignorance

196 *pages, red silk cloth,* $2.00

"You are a wonderful man, and your writings are very thought inspiring", *Roger W. Babson,* Babson Institute. "Indispensable for thinkers. One of the most amazing bibliographies I have ever seen", *Francis Neilson,* New York. "I marvel at the indefatigable power to read and assimilate which a work as compact as this represents", *Jacques Barzun,* Columbia University.

Circulars and Table of Contents of these and other current volumes on request.

PORTER SARGENT

11 Beacon Street Boston 8, Mass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eyes Marquand has revealed in seeing through some of the dubious contemporary associations of the town. His vision has penetrated deeply under politico Bossy Gillis, under the summer shantyism of Plum Island, to the teeming levels of life in *Haven's End,* from the Puritan landings through the first World War.

In this reissue of an early chronicle type novel Marquand winds off the feverish turnpike into the cool, document-musty cellar of the local Carnegie Library and limns for us the life and death of a Yankee town.

The Swales of Norwich, and ultimately Haven's End, were proud, uncompromising gentry. From Captain Richard Swale, founding father of the town, to Daniel, a Revolutionary Privateer, and down through Dennis, who built wooden subchasers in 1917, the Swales lived almost continually in their manse, noble in prosperity and recession. They fought the Indian wars, smuggled rum and molasses, pirated for independence and profit, trafficked in blacks and strove mightily to keep their tradesmen neighbors in a satellite place.

Symbolic of the latter were the descendents of Seth Scarlet, wily trader, who first had the courage to defy a Swale. The Scarlets prospered in taverns and tanneries, while the Swales postured magnificently, impecuniously—secure largely in ancestor worship.

"I think that everyone who stands for something is a little mad." So said the glimmering wife of a 20th-century Swale. She continued:

" 'Take your father, Sue. He plays his life just as I play solitaire. He makes his rules and follows them. It has nothing to do with life. It isn't living; it's playing.'

" 'Yes, Mamma,' said Sue."

Such is the desperate and intriguing madness of the book—sensed in the diminishing echoes of defiance against change on the part of succeeding generations of quality blood.

And it all scents, touches, tastes, is visual and audible—as much as a book can be—with decades of village life in coastal New England; this in the Marquand manner—the chuckle at humanity, part cynicism, part compassion; the skilfully camouflaged contrivance in each episode which will send you to bed happy.

This book is, one might suggest, a rich-veined mine out of which Marquand later dug the substance that formed the quietly desperate aristos of *Wickford Point, Point of No Return* and, perhaps, *Apley. Point of No Return* particularly seems to owe a debt to certain characters and background material in *Haven's End.*

The work also demonstrates that Marquand might have done as well with the New England historical novel as has Kenneth Roberts. And that is more complimentary when one speculates on what Roberts might have done with John and George Apley.

JOE DEVER.

The Far Lands. James Norman Hall. Little Brown. $3.

THE South Pacific, which was the inspiration of the very successful literary partnership between Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, is again Mr. Hall's subject, but this time from the viewpoint of the Polynesians whom Henry Adams, with full magnificence of Boston snobbery, pronounced to be his social equals. *The Far Lands* is the story of the eastward odyssey of the Tongans and their escape from the island of the Koros, who propitiated their terrible war-god with human victims.

To be sure, historical novels are easier reading when they deal with well-known characters; as Tongan heroes mean less than nothing to American readers, it is necessary to get into a South Pacific mood to get much flavor from the tale. It really swings along at an unexpectedly swift pace with moments of actual suspense and a love idyl between the young chief, Maui, who is Romeo to a Juliet of the Koros.

The mass migration of the Tongans easterly from the Koros' land to the South Pacific outpost of Easter Island could be fitted into Heyerdahl's theory of a westward migration of a pre-Inca white race from Peru, which he set out to prove in *Kon Tiki.* But Hall insists that the "Far Lands of Maui" (Easter Island) were uninhabited. Hall, however, is only transcribing a Tongan legend and confesses in the epilogue that he has no explanation to offer for the mammoth prehistoric stone images which have made Easter Island famous. His message is contained in the ultimate victory over the cruel war god, Koro, by the Tongan's peaceful Tané who commanded that "Men shall not kill."

For a full decade longer than the Israelites, the Tongans wandered over the vast Pacific; instead of flocks they carried with them their dogs and pigs and chickens. They set sail in eight double hulled ships each carrying from forty to ninety passengers, and for recreation and family reunions, men, women, children and dogs would leap happily into the sea as into their natural element. Enough dried vegetables and fruits could be carried to last them for months between islands; drought was their greatest fear, and rain in the Tongan speech is still called "the tears of Tané."

E. V. R. WYATT.

• REVIEWERS •

RICHARD M. WEAVER is a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago, and is the author of *Ideas Have Consequences.*

N. S. TIMASHEFF, of Fordham University, is the author of *The Great Retreat,* and *Three Worlds,* among other political works.

JOE DEVER is now living in Monte Vista, Colorado, where he is working on a novel.

E.V.R. WYATT is the drama critic of *The Catholic World.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified

★ Rate for your message, 10c a word (75c each for displayed lines; $1.50 minimum ad). Discounts: 5% for 3 times, 10% for 7 times, 15% for 13 times.

BOOKS

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare.
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers.
Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced.
Catalogs Free. Browsers Invited.
Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased.
DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Linens, Gifts. *Catalogs.*
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York

REBINDING

★ WORN PRAYERBOOKS, Bibles, Missals, repaired and rebound in leather or imitation leather by STANLEY TYBURCY, Box 115, Whitefield, New Hampshire.

STAMPS AND COINS

★ VATICAN CITY STAMPS, COINS, etc. Educational and devotional. 20 beautiful mint *stamps* 25c; *portrait postcard Pope Pius XII* with facsimile postmarked stamp attached 25c; complete set *Holy Year stamps* (8) 40c, on first day cover 12/21/49 $1. Complete price lists of philatelic items and unique imported rosaries available. ROSS-DUGGAN, 263 Laurel Street, Sarasota, Florida.

Special

Christmas Gift Rates

for

THE COMMONWEAL

1 SUBSCRIPTION.....	$ 7.00
2	11.50
3	15.00
4 OR MORE, EACH..	4.50

Above rates apply for U. S., Canada and Latin America . . . other countries $1.00 a year extra.

Colleges and Schools

NEW YORK

COLLEGE OF MT. ST. VINCENT

Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 71, N. Y. Conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Offers A.B. and B.S. Degrees, Liberal Arts, Nursing, Commerce Education, Pedagogy. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Campus bordering Hudson River. One-half hour from Grand Central, New York City. Write for Bulletin L.

NAZARETH COLLEGE

Rochester 18, N. Y. Conducted by Sisters of St. Joseph. B.A. and B.S. Degrees. Liberal Arts—Science—Education — Art — Music — Speech and Dramatics — Secretarial Science — Social Service — Nursing — Medical Technology.

KANSAS

ST. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE

Atchison, Kansas. A Catholic College for men conducted by the Benedictine Fathers. A Liberal Arts College, accredited by the North Central Association. Located fifty miles north-west of Kansas City, Missouri, on the Missouri River. Address Registrar for information.

DELAWARE

ARCHMERE

Catholic preparatory school for boys under the Norbertine Canons. Fully accredited. High academic standards. High School only. Small classes. Resident or day. Limited enrollment. All sports. Gym. Catalog. Very Reverend Headmaster, Box 67-H, Claymont, Delaware.

NEW JERSEY

GEORGIAN COURT COLLEGE

Four-year course leading to B.A. and B.S. degrees provides a solid background of general culture and special training in one particular field. Well-integrated program in Liberal Arts, Fine Arts, Science, Music, Home Economics, Business Administration, Teacher Training. Fully accredited. Address Secretary, Lakewood, N. J.

PENNSYLVANIA

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa. A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Situated on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Eleven miles from Philadelphia. Address the Registrar for information. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional advantages. For information address the Registrar.

ILLINOIS

ROSARY COLLEGE

River Forest Illinois. Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. Approved by the Association of American Universities. Liberal Arts, Home Economics, Library Science, Library School accredited by American Library Association. Foreign Study Branch for Junior Year Abroad at Fribourg, Switzerland. Graduate study in Fine Arts at Pius XII Institute, Florence, Italy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seven reasons why
The Commonweal
is an excellent gift choice

Week by Week

1. Editorial comment on the issues of the day—an attempt to find the inevitable pattern in the social-political jigsaw

Feature Articles

2. A variety of writers on a variety of subjects. Commonweal contributors include world-famed philosophers and literary men, working journalists and promising newcomers.

Foreign Reports

3. Donald Attwater (England), Clara Menck (Germany), Robert Barrat (France) and Gunnar D. Kumlien (Italy) keep Commonweal readers in touch with the mood of Europe.

Stage and Screen

4. Walter Kerr, who began reviewing for The Commonweal with the current Broadway season, has already taken his place among the nation's leading critics. Veteran Philip T. Hartung covers the new films as they appear.

The Labor Movement

5. John C. Cort, a founder of ACTU and seasoned labor journalist, says exactly what he thinks.

So They Tell Me

6. Francis Downing, a writer of many parts, is allowed to wander all over the lot. Whether writing of labor or literature, he is always provocative—and sometimes brilliant.

Books

7. The new books are covered each week by reviewers recognized as authorities. In the world of books and publishing, The Commonweal is known to be as good as its word.

The popular Of Note, Communications, and the occasional feature—like Carol Weiss's radio column in this number—round out each issue of The Commonweal.

For Special Christmas Rates, see inside back cover.

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (MU 3-9685)

Enclosed is $———. Send The Commonweal for one year to:

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

My name is .....

Address .....

12/22/50

(You may wire last-minute subscriptions collect!)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED